Strikes.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor, and fame;
Strike right and left till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge, and the axe;
Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other;
Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike, keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

—Selected.

The Voice from Heaven.

Listen to the voice of the Lord! God himself hath spoken. God, the creator of heaven and earth hath spoken to men. His voice is mighty as the strongest wind; it moveth the mountains, rending the rocks in their beds. It is soft and invigorating as the springtime breeze. It is cheer and comfort for the soul like a soft sound from heaven.

O Man! to the voice of thy Creator, thy Father, thy Friend, thy Saviour, hast thou listened?

Your ears have been open to the cries of your friends in pleasure; you have given attention to their wild and thoughtless tale, joke and stormy laughter; but thou hast not yet heard the words of thy God.

You have stood, a willing listener, before the tempters; to their flattering words, while their lips seem to drop with honey; (while truly they are bitter as gall) who say, "Come with us," but whose path leads to the grave and eternal death; but to the word of God you will not listen.

You have heard the voice of business, coming from the farm, the bank, the office and shop; you have listened to the voice of the courier, crying of the passing events; to the debates of statesmen, the combats of soldiers, the overthrow and rising of nations; but to the words of your God you will not listen.

O Man! the earth rings with the voice of thy Creator. Thou hast listened to all other voices, and will you not listen to the voice of thy God?

Can you hope to find a more powerful friend? Can thy Creator forget thee? He brought thee forth from nothing and will he cast thee off forever? And if forever, O where will you appear! To whom will you listen, if not to him?

It is winter. The time of general festivity is passing. The young men and maidens have played till a late hour and then separated. A profound calm follows the festivity, and some are reflecting: we hear them say, "This is not happiness. Where can it be found? Where does she sit upon her throne?" The voice from heaven answers, "The words of God will guide thee home."

There was joy on earth eighteen centuries ago, when God became man. Yes there was great joy on earth at that time. Men believed on him and received eternal life. Darkness was banished by the dawn of his perfect light. His name is Christ. Listen to his commandmemt: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." This is the great voice from heaven. Lord, make us to understand thy words. Listen, O ye nations, search the Word of the Lord. It is a blessing untold for the poor, life and strength to the fainting, wisdom for the ruler, and eternal life for the dying. O man! O maiden! O father! O mother! May this be your time to listen. He bears the most joyful of all news. Hear him proclaiming to the shepherds through an angel messenger, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord." Lord make us all to hear thy voice and follow Thee.

A. J. Sterling.

"Did You Ever Read a Tract."

Two ladies were driving over a country road in Derbyshire, when the elder spoke lovingly to her friend, a young Christian, of working for the Lord. "How can I—a girl of eighteen—serve Him?" asked the other. "Begin now," was the reply. "Let us give some tracts to those Irish reapers we see yonder." The girl took the tracts and offered them to the laborers as they neared the carriage. Years rolled by, and she became a school teacher near Ottawa, Canada. One Saturday she was returning to Ottawa from the outlying school, and as she drew near the river she saw a man rushing forward in evident excitement and despair. Seeing him in such trouble, she went up to him, and attempted to open a conversation by offering him a tract. He took it silently, but presently rushed after her, talking most wildly and incoherently. "Calm yourself,' she said; "tell me your trouble and I will try to help you. When I gave you the tract I was praying for you."

"Years ago, "when the potato famine drove me to seek work in England, a lady gave me this very *same tract* in Derbyshire, 'Did you ever read a tract?' The title took my fancy, and I sat down under a hedge and read it through. I had never known the Gospel before, but that little book led me—ay, and my old mother, too—to the Redeemer.

"I got good work in Liverpool, but after my mother had passed peacefully away, I had to come out here and work on the railway, for the Liverpool firm failed. I am ashamed to say I got a taste for the drink, ma'am, and the drink made me a back-slider. My master gave me many a trial, but turned me off at last for not keeping sober; I had given up all hope, and just as you passed by I was waiting for a chance to drown myself. You came up to me and gave me a tract with the title I have never forgotten. O ma'am what does it all mean?"

The teacher persuaded him to accompany her to the neighboring house of a minister, where they tenderly relieved his starvation, and told him that the thoughts of God were indeed those of loving-kindness toward him, for in far distant countries the same messenger had been sent to bid him hope.

"Is This the Way?"

A poor child straying into a Sunday school one day, asked simply: "Is this the way to heaven?" The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school indeed the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school. "Is this the way?" The question might profitably be asked in many a religious circle; not only in the Sunday school, but in prayer-meeting, in the place of public worship, in the sociable, the bazaar, the *soiree*, and all the different places where Chrstian people are assembled, the question is most appropriate,—"Is this the way?" Is this the way of blessing, the way of life, the way of peace, the way of salvation? Is it the way to win the favor of God, and to secure the confidence of men? Is it the way to make men believe that religion is a reality and the world an empty show? or are men sometimes convinced by the conduct of those who profess godliness, that religion is form, and worldliness the reality?—sel.

The Open Book.

"It is told of a Christian mother that she has a little room of her own where, on a stand, the great family Bible always stood open; and when work pressed hard and the children were untoward, or when sickness threatened—when the skeins of life were all cross-ways and tangled, she went quietly to that room, and through faith and prayer took hold of a warm, healing, invisible Hand that made the crooked straight and the rough places plain."

Blessed be God for that open book. Thanks be to him that there are many homes where this book shines as a lamp to the feet and a light to the path. But how many families there are which have no such light in their dwellings, but which are darkened by the shadows of doubt and unbelief. Oh that such families wouldopen the neglected Bible, and walk in its light. They would find their ways full of pleasantness and peace, and their path like "the path of the just which is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto perfect day." Sel.

A Look at Both Sides.

There are two sides to almost every question: sometimes there are three or four. The drink question especially has its differeent sides; there is mirth and there is misery; there is wealth and there is poverty; there is hilarity and there is wretchedness; there is the blazing gin shop and the fireless home; there is the portly rumseller and the haggard sot; there is the splendid mansion, where the dram-seller's family revel in all luxuries, and there is the miserable garret where his victims slink away and hide their rags from the public eye.

It is not pleasant to contemplate these contrasts, yet it might profit many persons if they would fairly look at both sides. The Rev. Mr. Pugh tells the following story of a man who one day got a clear view of both sides of the drink question.

There was a man who was much given to strong drink; he was an excellent workman and earned good wages, but none of it went home; it was all spent in the public-house, where he also spent much of his time. One morning he stayed longer than usual there, and while he was sitting enjoying himself, as he fancied, Mrs. Jones, the innkeeper, entered the room, and looking out of the window, she called his attention to a poor wretched woman who was *picking up cinders in front* of the window.

This sight was enough. It went to the man's heart, for it was *his own wife*. Rising, he left the house without a word. Next morning he went to work without entering the public-house as usual, and continued so to do. He signed the pledge and kept it. Soon his home began to look more comforable, and he had the pleasure of seeing his wife decently dressed. One Sunday, on their way home from church, where he now regularly attended, he said pointing to the public house.

"Will you come in here for a minute?"

"No, do not go in there; pleaded his wife.

"Oh, we will just go in for a minute: I will take care we get no harm," he replied.

Unwillingly Mary followed him in, and he called, "Mrs. Jones."

She rembered the voice, and was with them in a minute.

"Mrs Jones, what do you think of Mary? *Isn't she neat*?"

"Yes, answered she, "she is very neat."

Isn't there a difference between when you saw her picking up cinders, and now?

Mrs. Jones admitted there was a difference.

"Well, said the happy husband, "it is because I give Mary the money I earn now, instead of giving it to you."

Thousands of reckless husbands might profit by taking a similar view of the condition of their wretched wives, whose rights are taken from them to fatten the greedy grog-sellers. Such a view would doubtless work a salutary change in the habits of many a thoughtless man, and would diminish the profits of the dram-seller, and increase the comforts of the home.—Sel.

Maggie's Dying appeal.

Mr. Stewart related: A little girl at a Sunday-school recently professed to give herself to Jesus. Her father although a bigoted Roman Catholic, said, "I cannot take Maggie from the Sunday-school, there is such a great change in her since she went." Many, many times she pleaded with her father to come to Jesus, and after two years of a Christain life little Maggie was laid upon her death bed. Her father sat by her side one night—the last upon earth for little Maggie—and she began to sing softly,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong."

Opening her eyes she said, "Father will you meet me in heaven? I am going there;" and then in more earnest tones, she said, "O father, if you don't come to Jesus you will never meet me again!" O friends there is a time when your child will come to Jesus, and if you do not come that little one will rise up to condemn you, for you cannot go to hell without trampling on the blood of Jesus.

The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years.

Idleness wastes a man as sensibly as industry improves him.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Faults are the things that make us all brothers and sisters.